Car. That honourable day shall ne're be seene.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of warre, retyr'd himselfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure soule unto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.
Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norforke* dead?
Carl. As sure as I live my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule
To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences shall all rest under
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall. (gage,

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bul. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.
VVorst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* subject?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Majesty,
His Captaine, steward, Deputy elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeares.

Be judg'd by subjects, and inferior breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid, it God,
That in a Christian Climate, soules refinde
Should shew so heynous, blacke, obscene a deed.
I speake to subjects, and a subject speakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with *Turkes* and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabite and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens sculls.
Oh, if you reare this House against this House
It will the woefull'st Division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, VVoe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
VVithout suspition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands:

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts

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